

WASHINGTON, D. C., SUNDAY, APRIL 25, 1909.

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\$3.50

a pair.

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Vici Kid, Gun Metal Calf,
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a pair.

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Collected means a saving without giving up anything. You will readily conceive by the liberal way we give them that it takes but a short time to accumulate enough to redeem them for a handsome and useful piece of Furniture, Bric-a-brac, Cut Glass, or other adornment for the home absolutely without any cost to yourself if you are a member of this society.

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HONORS FOR L'ENFANT AND SHEPHERD

In the very near future, Washington City, already so rich in memorials of distinguished sons of America, is to be further beautified by statues to Barry and Paul Jones, to Longfellow, and, probably most interesting of all, to Alexander Shepherd. It is an odd and pleasing coincidence that within the octave of days that tardy justice is rendered to Maj. L'Enfant, the creator of the city beautiful, will be witnessed the unveiling of the monument to the man who, seventy years later, had the courage to develop the brilliant Frenchman's plans.

There were many points of similarity between these two personalities, and, for a time, both men suffered keenly from popular misunderstanding of their motives. Time has vindicated them, and in glorifying over the end of the splendid scheme inspired by one and perfected by the other, there is no desire to question the means by which the end was accomplished.

But when, with respectful sympathy, Washingtonians gather to do honor to the funeral train bearing the body of Maj. L'Enfant to an honorable and soldierly grave, and when, a few days later, the same men and women gather to raise acclamations as the flag falls away from the memorial to Gov. Shepherd, one is tempted to be saddened by the thought of how much some of this understanding of them, and appreciation of their efforts for the beautifying of the Capital City, would have been comforted them during the dark days that fell alike on both. It only these honors were not of necessity posthumous.

Gen. Washington, who had the luck to be first in almost everything, was also first in experiencing the happiness of contemporaneous appreciation. Sixteen years before he died, the question was raised as to the erection of a statue to him "in the place where the residence of Congress shall be established." And ten States voted in favor of the resolution. The whole suggestion must have been most pleasing, for all the details of the proposed work of art were dwelt upon.

his grave twice sixteen years before the money was really voted by Congress for the purpose, and two States had erected statues of him before his country as a whole took up the matter.

The Wandering Jew of a statue called "Greenough's Washington," whose most recent change of base is still commented upon, was the outcome of the resolution on the part of Congress, in 1832, to authorize the President to commission the Massachusetts sculptor to execute a full-length pedestrian statue in marble of Washington, to be placed in the rotunda of the Capitol.

The work was begun on this statue in Florence, and eight years were consumed before it was ready for its journey to the United States. Then how to get it home was the puzzle. Commander Hunt was ordered to take it aboard his frigate, at Leghorn, but found the hatches too small to receive it into the hold, as the statue weighed about twenty tons, so he refused point blank to attempt the passage.

Between Carrara and Florence, the services of eleven yokes of cattle and fifteen men had been required for transportation, and the journey cost \$322. After many efforts, the white elephant, which it had already become, was landed at the Navy Yard, and though the distance to the rotunda is but a mile, it cost \$5,000 before it was in place. Doors had to be enlarged, and a column of masonry built below to support it, and then it gave such universal dissatisfaction that, within a year, it was ordered removed to the plaza without, and the doors had once more to be altered.

Of all the adverse criticism heaped upon the effigy of the father of his country, the comments of Henry A. Wise, of John Brown fame, makes the most interesting reading. Gov. Wise was particularly caustic over the "attitude of holding up the heavens with one hand, with Jove-like grace, the while Washington graciously surrendered his sword with the other."

when Madison himself became President, there was no change in the social complexion of fashion at the Capital City.

The house in question was built by Mrs. Madison's cousin, Richard Cutts, during Madison's administration, and was considered one of the finest in the city. When the Cosmos Club purchased the property, the building was enlarged, but in so reverent a spirit that it lost nothing in interest to those who knew its former brilliant owner.

When Dolly lived at this place, she was seemingly without political importance, for her husband was dead, and she was far from wealthy, but so strong was her personality that she held sway over society, and her levees on New Year and Independence Day were equally brilliant with the affairs at the White House. She had the distinction of a sea, the floor of the Senate, and the franking power was also given her by her admirers in Congress.

There are hundreds of stories narrated of this clever woman, and some people who knew and loved her are still dwellers of Washington. One of them says that Mrs. Madison almost always carried a book in her hand, when meeting a visitor, and if the talk descended into gossip, Mrs. Madison would quietly comment on the volume in some way, to change the current of talk. She was asked once if she could find time to read with so many social duties to command her attention. She replied very little, "but I have this book at hand—a very fine copy of Don Quixote—to have something not ungrateful to say, to supply a way of talk."

Mrs. Madison was as good-natured as she was clever, and when her little friends came to see her, she would let them dress her up in some of the clothes she had worn on this or that state occasion. She had a particularly gorgeous velvet dress, of crimson, sent her by a foreign power, and she was not allowed to accept it until Congress had debated the question, for at this time Madison was President. This dress she also put on for her little friends' sake, and though she was seventy years of age, her fine carriage and beautiful skin still made her an impressive figure.

Chivalry of Grant Wins Southern Women.

The near approach of Gen. Grant's birthday is filling the press with Grant stories. The following has never been printed, but it illustrates the kindness and simplicity of his great nature. Not long after Grant's inauguration, having occasion to go somewhere on Pennsylvania avenue, he boarded one of the "buses" that conveyed the unfortunate citizens from one point to another. These conveyances were most uncomfortable, being too low of pitch to allow a man to stand upright in them, and narrow, and often crowded, and not running on rails, they were very rough travelers.

how, but a little girl with a large hat box got into the already overcrowded bus, and could not get beyond the door, where she clung and swayed, in great danger of being thrown out, and the lady, who was "looking the other way," still managed to see Grant leave his seat, and with difficulty make his way to the child and lift and push her into the seat he had occupied before, while he stood with his hat hanging the top of the bus, in great discomfort.

MORE COURT CLERKS NEEDED.

The first complaint in connection with the new Municipal Court has been registered by Judge Charles S. Bundy, who declares the clerical force in the office is inadequate.

He desires at least two additional clerks as a portion of the next budget, at a salary of \$1,000 each. The Commissioners have decided to place the matter before Congress.

Notwithstanding the large accumulation of cases," says Judge Bundy, in a letter to the Commissioners, "in the period of transition from the old system to the new, and the daily average of seventy cases since, the clerk has, up to this time, by working after office hours—many days far into the night—and accepting considerable volunteer assistance for which no compensation is expected, succeeded in keeping his docket up to the current business."

Gave a Theater Party.

A theater party was given last Wednesday evening by members of the Ex Ve Le Club, in celebration of the first anniversary. Those who attended were Miss Irene Frick, Miss Catharine Thompson, Miss Mabel Hamann, Miss Ethel Pryor, Miss Bertie Thorne, Miss Edna Boyd, Mr. Fred Lake, Mr. Aloysius Stormont, Mr. Joseph Dawson, Mr. Arthur Erick, Mr. Victor Jaeger, Mr. John Leach, Mr. Ray Barrick, Mr. William Boyd, Mr. John Stecker, Mr. Joseph Alford, and Mr. Eugene Frick.

Publication Arranged.

Arrangements have been made by Prof. Foerster, of the University of Berlin, to republish in German an abstract of the documents of the American Association for International Conciliation. Separate articles by Elihu Root, Andrew Carnegie, Prof. Ladd, of Yale, and Prof. Rowe, of the University of Pennsylvania, have been translated into foreign languages, but this is the first arrangement for a general translation and republication.

Taking Something for It.

From the Chicago News. "Kleptomaniac," remarked the physician, "is a disease."

CHAT OF WELL-KNOWN WASHINGTONIANS

About the first thing the eye lights upon when a visitor enters the handsomely appointed library at the home of the Secretary of State and Mrs. Knox is the life-size painting of the Secretary, a fascinating piece of work, showing the Secretary in one of his characteristic moods—half philosopher, half humorist. It is the work of the late Theobald Chartran, who painted the delightfully "American" portrait of Mrs. Roosevelt, which hangs in the "ladies' gallery" of portraits in the long alley, through which guests pass to the reception suite above stairs on occasions of the great State receptions at the White House.

Possibly the next work of art to engage the roving eye is a wonderful picture depicting simply a blackbird perched high on a windy promontory jutting out into a blue sky. The striking color tones are further accentuated by the half-shelled ear of yellow corn upon which the bird's claws rest hungrily, while his sleek, trim head is uplifted to scan the field for a possible foe. The sense of height, of vastness, of wind-blown isolation grips the attention, and the imagination runs riot as one studies the picture which is superbly well hung high above the book cases lining the walls.

"I wonder who the artist is?" is a familiar query, for the picture is sufficiently powerful to attract the eye of the afternoon tea-gazer.

"Isn't that a Japanese thing?" is another comment passed not infrequently. The picture, which has been discussed by possibly a thousand personages of all grades of importance, social and official, is not the output of a brush at all, but the achievement of some little Oriental needleworker. The work, which was bought by Secretary Knox several years ago in California, has the "quality" artistic souls delight to discuss, and the fact that the artist manifested his inspiration by means of such a limited medium as a needle and thread only makes the achievement the more remarkable.

Secretary Knox, who will sit for Sorolla, is as discriminating a judge of books as he is of pictures. One of the Secretary's pet fads is a collection of incunabula, limited editions, first editions, and autographed copies. A treasure which reposes snugly in Secretary Knox's special collection is John Milton's personal copy of "A Brief History of Monsovia." The book, printed in 1822, is autographed by the author of "Paradise Lost." Another rarity, bearing the date 1791, is the Rev. John Fletcher's "Logica Genevensis, or a Fourth Check on Antinomianism."

Included in the Secretary's general collection are a gift set of Theodore Roosevelt's "The Winning of the West," duly autographed, Bret Harte, Holmes, Irving, Robert Louis Stevenson, Balzac, complete—in short, practically the entire group of modern writers of classic fiction, native and foreign. The historical assortment is especially complete, so also is the collection of jurisprudence. As a little indication of the Secretary's joy in his pet sports is the presence of Chomondley's "Fishing," and the Duke of Beaufort's "Driving."

The picturesque ensemble made by the

zens of all classes and from all countries on Potomac drive on the occasion of the formal opening of the roadway as the resort of fashion was the specially fascinating feature of the great event. Seated diplomatically and rolicking collegially all out for a thrilling exploit, gave the assemblage a care-free air of pleasure seeking quite out of the line of the usual or conventional.

"A Derby Day procession in London is what it reminds me of," remarked a globe trotter.

"An afternoon scene on the Piccadilly Hill is what it is most like to my mind," returned his companion. Dashing along the bridge paths with the abandon of a woman who knows how to ride a trail and who has the endurance to follow the road from sunup to sundown was Mrs. Herbert Knox Smith. Clad in a natty suit of khaki with a fetching "campaign" hat, Mrs. Smith looked particularly attractive, her gorgeous light brown hair, braided loosely, almost reaching the cavalry saddle she rode with the grace and assurance which comes of long experience. Another figure noticeable for the ultra-smartness of his well-tailored garb was Eames MacVeagh, son of the Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. MacVeagh wore the tallest and "slenderest" silk hat, now colloquially known as the "two-gallon" hat, which Washington has had the pleasure of seeing. Of course the very high "topper" is the latest note in modish head gear for men. Mr. MacVeagh being notable for his discrimination, attention to the dictates of fashion.

When the Misses Alice and Julia Meyer, the petite, black-eyed, dark-haired, girlishly-formed daughters of the Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Meyer, come down the street the comment most apt to signal their appearance is:

"Oh, there goes those well-dressed twins." Of course, all who knew the Secretary's daughters know they are not twins, but they have a fashion of dressing exactly alike, after the manner adopted by sisters on the continent so, to the casual observer, they have the appearance of twins. Exceedingly smart to the slightest detail of their costumes, the young girls make an exceedingly attractive picture. Especially fetching at all times are their hats. When the perfectly enormous "Devil feathers" made their appearance, the first to wear them were the Misses Meyer. Adorning glorified sailor hats, the quills which began by being dove grey, shot out at least several inches and ended in a perfectly thrilling flash of bright rose-red and buttercup yellow. Nowadays, the Meyer girls are wearing adorable "bonnets" of mauve braid trimmed bewitchingly in blossoms, the late matching summer frocks of toulard made in the simplest sort of fashion. Whoever designs the costumes worn by the Meyer girls has a skill amounting to genius, for the girl and the gown "fit" like the hand and the glove.

Pretty Mrs. Huntington Wilson, wife of the Assistant Secretary of State, has a vogue in Washington society quite pronounced enough to turn her head if she were a less sensible personage. Mrs.

Wilson is tall, slender, and dark-eyed, and she has a fancy for wearing her soft, dark hair in a particularly simple fashion. Her gowns are made on the long, loose lines, which are particularly her "style," and she has a shrewd judgment in the selection of colors. Great big hats, with plumes, are especially becoming, and Mrs. Wilson wears them a lot.

Mrs. Wilson has the knack of looking intensely interested in the person addressing her; so it is not much wonder that she is popular. Her attention flatters the most acute. As a hostess she has an adorably friendly manner, and as a householder she presides over a menagerie rich in attractive chests, cabinets, pottery, and hangings—souvenirs of her residence in the Orient. The presiding genius of the domestic department of the Huntington Wilson home are two quaint little Japanese—a man and his tiny, little kimonoed, sandaled spouse, soft-voiced and silent and watchfully alert, and helpful, after the manner of their kind.

Col. Randle Added to Committee.

Col. A. E. Randle, president of the United States Realty Company, has been added to the committee of the Chamber of Commerce for advertising Washington, as he has been advertising Washington from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Canada to Mexico in over 500 newspapers, with an aggregate circulation of 10,000,000. Col. Randle is also a member of the New York Chamber of Commerce, where he has constantly advanced the interests of the National Capital. The other members of the committee are Hon. H. L. West, Commissioner of the District of Columbia; Allen D. Albert, A. D. Marks, F. S. Hight, D. J. Kaufman, Scott C. Bone, J. Whit Heggren, D. J. Callahan, Harry Rapley, and Isaac Gans, who is chairman of the committee.

Readings for the Blind.

The following is the programme for volunteer readings and music in the Reading Room for the Blind at the Library of Congress, 2:30 to 3:30 p. m.: Tuesday, April 27—Miss Mabel T. Boardman will give an informal talk about the Red Cross Society. Thursday, April 29—Song and piano recital by Mrs. Warner A. Gibbs, soprano, and Miss Ethel Tozier, pianist. Saturday, May 1—Miss Juanita Miller will be heard in dramatic recitations.

Oratorical Contest at Y. M. C. A.

An oratorical contest will be held in the assembly room of the Y. M. C. A. under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. Debating Club, on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. The contest will consist of two-minute speeches by about twenty-five men on subjects selected by the participants. Three judges will select the six best speakers, each of whom will then be given a subject upon which to speak extemporaneously for two minutes. Out of these six the judges will select the best one, who will be given a prize. A nominal admission fee of 10 cents is charged.